Omega

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Omega

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is the world's first known omega.

Filling a prompt that Delia gave me a million years ago, and submitting to Creative's #ThisIsMyBeginning

Notes

There is a brief reference in the story about what is happening to Will not being the same as being intersex or having ambiguous genitalia/sex organs. Just wanted to mention for anyone sensitive to it.

Day One

Will woke, sweating and panting. His hands clawing at his damp bed sheets as he roused, racked with pain, cramps in his lower abdomen that radiated down his legs. But it wasn't the pain that had woken him, it was the dream and the innate sense that something wasn't right.

In fact, something was deeply wrong.

He'd thought he was going mad. Sleep walking, losing time, hallucinations and confusion. Even now he wasn't entirely sure if he was dreaming or awake. All he knew was that this was beyond what he had already been feeling. His body ached and he felt an intense need that he couldn't name.

And-

Will winced as he moved, his soaked sheets chafing against his body, so much so that he had to throw them off. Beneath, his boxers were soaked and not just with sweat. His cock was painfully hard and there was a clear darker patch of precome leaking through the material.

Panting and trembling Will fought to gain his bearings, everything slightly wrong. Slightly off.

Was he hallucinating? He wasn't sure, nothing seemed quite real.

But there was no ignoring his cock. He managed to pull his shorts down, having to lift them over his tender flesh so as not to cause pain, but it was uncomfortable nonetheless.

Will winced when he looked down. Through the strange haze and cloudiness of his mind, he could see that his cock was swollen and sore, as though he'd been spiked with a super dose of viagra.

The urge for release was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. It was worse than when he'd been a horny teenager.

With another wince and a slight cry at the tenderness, Will took himself gently in hand and began to stroke.

The more he stroked the less it hurt and the better it felt until he was pumping his cock with desperate need.

And the closer he came to climax, the more of his dream came back to him, so vivid it was as though it were a memory.

Doctor Lecter was there, taking him on the chaise in his office, pining Will down and fucking into him like an animal. And Will was equally as feral, his fingers ripping into the back of Hannibal's shirt.

With a growl, Hannibal leaned in and clamped his teeth on Will's neck, biting down and marking him.

Claiming.

The word came to mind as Will climaxed.

He cried out Hannibal's name as he spilled all over his fist, feeling more comfortable and lax, but strangely still far from sated.

Day Two

Hannibal had noticed the scent change immediately. A growing heat and fevered sweetness over the last few weeks, but it was stronger than ever now.

He'd always had a sensitive nose and though the change had started slowly, it had become undeniable. At first he had thought it was a sickness. Will didn't quite seem himself and Hannibal thought the likeliest possibility was encephalitis.

“I feel like I’m fading.” Will’s words spoke volumes as they sat in Hannibal’s office.

But when he drew the clock it was not, as Hannibal had suspected, an indicator of brain inflammation. It was perfectly fine, but for the damp fingerprints at the edges.

It was something he would need to think on further, study further. Not least because of the effect it had on Hannibal himself.

Every time he was near Will he felt himself reacting, specifically to the change in Will’s scent. He found it arousing, alluring. It made him want to be with Will physically and in some way claim him. He wanted to spill himself deep inside the other man so that he was always marked by him.

It made him feel possessive of Will’s time, his body and his mind.

The thought of anyone else being near Will, and especially anyone interacting with him in an emotionally, mentally or physically intimate way made him feel a rage inside that he hadn’t experienced since he was a young man in Paris.

“I know what kind of crazy I am,” Will insisted, “And this isn’t that kind of crazy, this could be seizures, this could be a tumour… a blood clot?”

Perhaps? But that didn’t explain Hannibal’s own reaction.

There was almost something pheremonal about it. Animalistic. Something that had Hannibal reaching for medical texts of the rarer ailments, and even the fantastical. Those only theorised about by the most marginal of scientists.

There was something in what was happening that held a distant familiarity.

He would research it, but in the meantime, he would send Will to an old colleague to rule out the mundane.

Day Three

Will squirmed in the chair.

He felt hot. He had done for days now, weeks even, and it was getting worse. It felt like summer was coming instead of winter. Day by day he felt a heat under his skin that bordered on a fever. And at night he sweated his way through his bedsheets and woke hard and in need of release.

“I feel like I‘m going mad,” Will muttered under his breath as he sat across from Hannibal.

He wasn’t oblivious to the fact that Hannibal also seemed more on edge these days. He thought it was likely out of concern for him, and Will found himself hoping that the concern was for him as something more than a patient. More than a friend.

He squirmed again, feeling a strange dampness between his legs and his nipples hardening. So much so that he let out an involuntary whine.

Hannibal's jaw visibly clenched, as did his fists on the arms of his chair. He rose and began to walk around the office, damn near pacing.

"I spoke to Dr. Sutcliffe. We briefly discussed the particulars of your visit. Would you like to discuss them with me?" Hannibal offered.

"There are no particulars. He didn't find anything wrong." Will replied.

"Then we keep looking for answers. Perhaps you would permit me to run some tests of my own?" Hannibal said and then paused next to his book shelves, running a finger over the spines. "Have you ever heard of the Alpha-Omega Theory, Will?" Hannibal asked carefully.

Will swallowed, his body reacting to the low rumble in Hannibal's voice in a way that was hard to ignore.

"The appellation for Christ or the supposed structure of masculinity?" Will managed to push out the words.

Hannibal shook his head and turned back to Will, taking a breath before continuing. "It's a little known evolutionary theory based on psychological, physiological and evolutionary studies."

He plucked a thick volume off the shelf and came back to his seat, opening it in his lap.

"How much is written on it?" Will asked, eyeing the huge tome, and wondering where Hannibal was going with this.

"Very little." Hannibal replied as he flicked to a page and then pressed his finger on to the paper. "This one paper here and some others that were only ever published on the author's website."

"And it's about evolution?" Will asked, cocking his head. His growing discomfort making it difficult to entirely take in what Hannibal was saying.

"Yes. But very specifically one theory of future evolution. There are many theories that extrapolate the potential evolution of mankind, in fact it is a growing field of study with every technological advance. But this particular theory is grounded much more in the animalistic, a return to the primitive. The idea that to move forward we would in some ways be moving backwards."

"I don't understand." Will admitted, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees, a mistake as it made him all the more uncomfortable to the point where he couldn't help but shudder.

"I studied this as a young man, but of course thought nothing of it beyond the titillation of it being an unlikely if amusing postulation. But yesterday I was reminded of it, and as I reread Doctor Froid's theory I was struck by the similarities to your situation." Hannibal explained.

"I-In what way?" Will asked, unsure if it was the subject matter of the increasingly present haze that made it difficult to understand.

“The theory is that as we become more technologically advanced and the world becomes all the more overpopulated, we will evolve natural ways in which to control the species. The theory has several key points. That humans will become a stratified species, not culturally but physiologically. That there would be, what Froid calls, alphas and omegas and they will have complimentary drives to mate and breed. If you picture an omega being akin to a dog, a bitch in heat. Mating for propagation of the species would become reliant on a strict cycle, perhaps one heat a year, and therefore limit the population by reducing the window of fertility.”

Will frowned, trying to make sense of it. “I don’t see where I fit with this.”

“Your symptoms, Will. Outside of the usual human considerations, would you agree that they are similar to a bitch in heat?”

At that Will couldn’t hold back a laugh, even though his nipples chafed against the fabric of his shirt as he did so.

“I think you were right that this is a ridiculous theory.” Will shook his head dismissively.

“I didn’t say ridiculous,” Hannibal corrected. “This theory purports that in order to control the populations, humans will come to only experience arousal in specific periods and with only the aim of procreation.”

“I see.” Will replied, cocking a brow. “And how does that work then? A male bitch?”

Hannibal hesitated before replying, “Further studies published on Froid’s website claim that gender would also become less relevant. That this stratification would not align to males as alphas and females as omegas. Anyone could be either.” Hannibal paused for a moment before continuing, “I would like to send you for some more scans, Will.” Will went to protest but Hannibal held up his hand. “Not of your brain, of your abdomen. As preposterous as it might seem, I believe that this theory could indeed be correct. And you might be the first known example of the next stage of evolution.”

Will shook his head, “What are you saying? You’re expecting to find what? A womb?”

“Yes, and ovaries. But I suspect it will be more than that. I expect that whatever the scans shows will be vastly different from any intersex people, any people born with ambigious internal or external sex organs, it will be something entirely new and fully functional. It should be very clear from the scans if this is the case.”

Will shook his head again and laughed, though there wasn’t much force behind it.

It was hard to ignore the damp feeling between his legs, the arousal, the cramping. Even the sensitivity of his nipples.

He didn’t realise he’d gone quiet until Hannibal asked softly, “Are you alright, Will?”

Will let out a heavy breath, “I don’t know. This is crazy, you know that? Right?”

“Perhaps so. But it’s worth investigating and eliminating all possibilities.”

“Even crackpot ones?”

“Even them,” Hannibal agreed and closed the book, lifting it from his lap and onto the side table.

Will took that as his cue to leave. He was careful in getting up from the chair but was sure that Hannibal could see his discomfort. And when Hannibal held up his coat for Will to put on, Will saw the way the doctor’s cheeks burned and his eyes glinted.

“Why this theory, Doctor Lecter?” Will asked, narrowing his eyes a little as they stood close.

Hannibal hesitated again before he finally replied, determinedly. “One speculatory aspect of the theory is in regards to the effects of an omega going into heat. The way in which those around might react, most specifically a suitable alpha. Or in the early stages of evolution, one predisposed to become alpha, carrying the right genes.”

Will blinked. He wanted to laugh it off again. He wanted to push Hannibal away.

But instead he found himself stepping closer.

“If you like, I can make the arrangements for the scans.” Hannibal offered softly, his words stopping Will from moving any further forward.

His whole body ached, specifically for the man in front of him. He could feel the draw, pulling him to Hannibal in search of comfort, care, release and-

Will sucked in a breath as he felt his underwear dampen all the more, sure to be soon leaking through his pants.

All at the thought of Hannibal fucking him and… getting him pregnant.

“I have to go.” Will said, his words as quick and sharp as his exit from Hannibal’s office.

Day Four

Hannibal was thankful for Jack Crawford’s call.

He was certain that Will would try to avoid him and he was equally certain that was a terrible idea. Maybe he was just being selfish and letting his increasing desire lead him, but if Will truly were an omega, then he couldn’t deny his own reaction to him.

His own potential to be Will’s alpha.

The thought made Hannibal shiver and he found himself becoming increasingly aroused on the drive to the crime scene. Where he knew Will would be. *His* Will.

Will had been taken ill at the crime scene and had refused to be seen by a medic, Jack had insisted at the least that he call Hannibal. And so Hannibal went.

When he arrived, the bustle at the crime scene was palpable, with the lab team going about their business as Will sat by at the side. And yet he didn't seem any less busy than they did. He was agitated and Hannibal could practically feel him vibrating.

"Will," Hannibal walked directly to him, feeling drawn like he was being reeled in on a hook.

Will looked up at him, clearly not happy he was there.

"I told Jack not to call you. I'm fine. I'll get a cab home and-"

"Will," Hannibal soothed and took a seat next to him. He could smell him stronger than ever. Not just that hot, sweet scent, but something else. Arousal. Fertility. He knew without thought that those were the scents meeting his nose.

Will shuddered at the way Hannibal said his name and they looked at each other for a moment before Will stood abruptly.

"Okay, you can drive me."

Hannibal stood quickly and they made their way out with only a nod to Jack.

*

Hannibal drove to his own home, not to Will's. It was closer and Will didn't protest when he noticed that they were not heading towards Wolf Trap.

In fact, he couldn't protest anything. Once Hannibal was there and next to him, it felt right and good and he didn't want the man to leave. More than that he wanted Hannibal to hold him and comfort him. And-

Will shuddered, every part of him sensitive and aching.

In lieu of any other reasonable explanation, Will had to consider that the theory might have some merit. He rubbed his lower abdomen, wondering about the scans Hannibal suggested.

What if it were true? That he was born different? That he was a next step in evolution for the species? Were there others like him?

All further questions left him as they pulled up to Hannibal's house and he immediately stepped out of the car. He was eager to get inside and found himself waiting at the door for Hannibal to join him with the keys.

"Please," Will whined, surprising himself as much as he did Hannibal, who went wide-eyed and visibly shuddered before he tried to hastily get his key into the lock. There was no denying what they both knew was about to happen between them. Something neither had noted out loud, but an acknowledgement of the compatibility between them and the desire to physically consummate it.

When the door opened they both tumbled through, barely keeping their feet.

Hannibal closed the door behind them by pushing Will against it and taking his mouth in a hungry kiss that Will immediately reciprocated. It was a few long, near aggressive minutes before they pulled back from each other to start pulling their clothes off.

Will knew he should stop, even as he dragged off his coat and then started to pull up his sweater. Watching lustfully as Hannibal started undoing his vest. It would be sensible to stop.

He wanted to want to stop, but he really didn't. Everything in his body was screaming to continue. He felt a burning hunger, he felt empty and aching. And there was that feeling between his legs, worse than it had been so far. A slick wetness filling his underwear.

"H-Hannibal, what is this?" Will managed to pant out the words. Now pulling off his clothes to cool down as much as to remove any barriers between them.

"I think you're going into heat, Will." Hannibal's words were low and gruff. Whatever it was that Will was putting out, pheromones or whatever, it was clearly having an effect on Hannibal.

"I need… I need something. I don't know what I need."

"I know what you need, Will." Hannibal replied, breathless as he pulled Will back to him and began kissing him again. This time not as aggressively but just as passionately, a hand around the back of his neck and keeping him close. Possessive.

And Will whined, with need and want. The feeling of Hannibal's hand on him, holding him in place only made him harder. And wetter.

"Fuck. Hannibal, something… there's something going on… I-I'm wet." Will admitted, his cheeks heating.

Hannibal let out a grunt and then moved his mouth to nuzzle at Will's neck.

"Self lubrication."

"What?" Will asked, trying to comprehend what those words even meant.

Hannibal continued to rumble words against his neck as he slid a hand down to Will's waist and then dipped into the back of his pants. "I spent some time looking at Froid's website. Expanding on his theory, the mechanics of it. Male omegas would have to-"

Will moaned and spread his legs a little, giving Hannibal access to slide his fingers between his cheeks. Hannibal growled and Will gasped as Hannibal's fingers found his wet hole and began to press against it.

Already slack, and with no prep. Hannibal could slide his fingers right in if he wanted to, or even his cock.

"Hannibal," Will gasped, pulling back. "I need… I need… Inside. Something inside…"

“You need to be filled darling,” Hannibal replied softly, gazing at him fondly as he stroked hair back from his increasingly sweat-damp forehead. “Just say the word and I will help you. I will give you what you need.”

With a noise that sounded something between a whine and moan and originated deep in the back of Will’s throat, he nodded. “Please. Please Hannibal.”

It was clear from the strain on Hannibal’s usually controlled expression, that it was an effort for him to hold back. That this instinctive and insatiable lust was just as potent for him. Even so, ever the master of himself, Hannibal pulled away and held out a hand.

Will took it and was led to the stairs and up. It seemed to all pass in a blur with the ever present haze, and the next Will knew he was on his back in soft blankets having his remaining clothes gently removed.

When his legs were free of his trousers, Will spread them. An instinctive motion that he’d never felt compelled to do before. But now he felt so open, so wanting. He spread his legs and felt his slick leak out of him. His hole open and eager as though he’d been fucking himself on a toy the whole day.

He wanted to dislike the sensation, but instead it made him groan. The idea of being so easily taken had his cock leaking too.

When he reached down to stroke it, he blinked and then looked down. He had always been a grower rather than a shower, but now despite being hard, his cock was the same size as it usually was flaccid.

“H-Hannibal?” He asked in confusion, finding it strange that it was just that - confusion but no distress. As this was natural and meant to be.

When Hannibal crawled onto the bed beside him he was naked too, and he took Will’s cock in hand and began to stroke for him, Will letting his own hand fall away.

“My dick… it’s smaller…” Will stated with no emotion, not feeling anything either way about the fact.

“A loss of mass. The hormonal changes to your body that allow-” Hannibal started and then paused for dramatic effect as he slid his hand over Will’s tight balls and down to his leaking ass. He pressed two fingers in with no resistance, but a wet sound filling the air. “-this.”

“Ung, Hannibal.” Will moaned and his hips jerked, his body automatically trying to fuck himself on Hannibal’s fingers. “Not enough.”

“I know darling,” Hannibal cooed and then removed his fingers as he positioned himself between Will’s legs and pressed into him.

Will shuddered and cried out as Hannibal slid to the hilt, seating himself completely within the omega with no resistance whatsoever.

“Oh fuck, fuck.” Will panted as he tried to adjust to what he was feeling. These sensations.

He'd had anal sex a couple of times in his college days, but this wasn't like that. This was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. It didn't even feel like an asshole anymore.

"Hannibal!" Will cried out and clutched hold of him, trying to pull him closer, deeper. It was everything but it still wasn't enough. "More!"

With a grunt Hannibal pulled out and flipped Will onto his front. Before he even had time to register what was happening, Hannibal pulled his hips roughly up and then mounted him.

And, god, that was what Will needed. How he needed to be taken.

Tears started to roll down his cheeks, so overwhelmed and so perfect. He felt an internal completion. A joy and a feeling of being so completely right with himself. This is what he was and what he was meant to be. He was becoming his true self.

Will braced against the pillow and met each thrust, as Hannibal went harder and deeper. At least until Hannibal became rougher and the angle was just right.

With every graze of his prostate Will sobbed louder. With every deep press he cried out.

"I can… I can feel… Oh fuck Hannibal I can… you're hitting my…" Will couldn't get out the words. A lack of how to say it rather than disbelief at the fact that he could feel Hannibal's crown was pressing against what could only be his cervix.

Just the thought made him whimper and collapse forward even more.

"Breed me," Will moaned, almost boneless as his body went lax. He enjoyed the way Hannibal continued to fuck him with everything he had. *Like a good alpha* - Will's brain supplied.

"Will, Will…" Hannibal panted his name, and it sounded like a caress.

Will's eyes rolled with pleasure. He was so close but his body was keeping him on the edge of climax. He wanted to come, he was so very close but something was preventing it.

"Mine," Hannibal growled against his ear, flattening himself to Will's back and wrapping his arms around him as he pulled Will onto each thrust.

Until finally-

With a roar, Hannibal came.

And that was it, that was what Will had needed.

His own climax was sudden and powerful. He cried out, a near scream, as he spilled all over the bed beneath him. His hole clenched around Hannibal, holding him, sucking and milking his cock and practically locking them together.

Like a bitch in heat.

Will shuddered at the thought, one last spurt from him as a result.

Hannibal panted against his back, his face pressed between Will's shoulders so that Will could feel the light drool from his slack mouth.

"That was…" Will started but he couldn't find the words much less form them.

When Hannibal went to pull back, Will grabbed him. Quicker than he knew he could move, he dug his fingers into Hannibal's arm.

"No. Not yet…" *Not until it takes.*

Will swallowed. He had always wanted to be a father but had never wanted to sire any children. He hadn't wanted them to inherit the things about himself that he disliked or mistrusted. But now his mind was consumed with it. A knowledge there that there never had been anything *wrong* with him. He was simply an omega and driven by those primal instincts.

The next stage of evolution that harked back to something more animalistic and primal. Something more predatory - beyond good and evil.

Just knowing that as a reality put so much of humanity into perspective for Will. Not least his own place in it.

And his desire for Hannibal to get children on him.

"I need you inside me," Will admitted, or explained? He wasn't sure how Hannibal was perceiving any of this.

"Of course, darling." Hannibal murmured against his ear. "I will fill you as much as you desire."

Will moaned at the words and allowed Hannibal to maneuver them onto their sides, not once near pulling out.

Hannibal felt Will's forehead, sweat damp as it was and then hummed, thoughtful.

"The heat hasn't broken. We may need to repeat this."

Will let out a soft chuckle as he sank back against Hannibal, as though that was any kind of hardship.

*

It was several days before Will's heat broke.

Hannibal woke to find that they had subsequently slept for over twelve hours.

They had managed refreshments here and there. Bathroom breaks and even long naps. But sooner or later Will's need had pulled them back together. And Hannibal had been more than

willing every single time.

Hannibal lay on his side, watching Will.

They were both awake but silent. And Hannibal was mesmerised as Will lay on his back slowly stroking a hand over his belly.

It seemed an age before soft words broke the silence.

“Do you think I could be pregnant?” Will asked.

Hannibal blinked. The question wasn’t a surprise, how could it be after the last few days? But the reverent longing in Will’s tone wasn’t something he’d expected.

With no hesitation, Hannibal reached over and placed his own hand over Will’s, feeling a slight thrill at the thought that Will might be carrying his child.

“Perhaps. But if not, there will be your next heat.”

Will hummed at that, a serene look on his face. Not just an acceptance of what he was going through, of what he was, but actually a solace in it. An acceptance of himself, that Hannibal knew had not been there before.

“But if you are-” Hannibal began but Will stopped him with a shake of his head.

“I’m too hungry to talk about practicalities.” Will replied, his tone denoting the clear understanding.

That was abundantly clear when he continued with, “You wouldn’t publish anything about me, would you, Dr. Lecter?” There was a light tease in the tone, but it also spoke of Will’s wish to keep this private. To avoid the medical and media interest that would come with being proof of this theory.

Hannibal had no interest in it being public either. He wanted to keep Will and their potential offspring safe. He would not allow them to become the subject of scrutiny, or even locked in cages and studied in the name of science.

As it was, he had no interest in letting Will out of his bed. There was a primal need within him, no doubt triggered by Will’s situation, to never let him go. The thought of letting him leave and go to the clutches of Jack and the FBI as their pet empath filled him with a possessive rage that took an unexpectedly long moment to quell.

Trying to encourage a lighter tone, Hannibal nuzzled against Will and replied teasingly, “If there were ever anything that might be of therapeutic value to others, I’d abstract it in a form that’d be totally unrecognisable.”

That at least made Will chuckle and he responded quickly, “Just do me a favour and publish it posthumously.”

“After your death or mine?” Hannibal asked, pulling back to look down at Will’s smirking, beautiful face.

“Which ever comes first.” The omega answered, as much a threat as a tease. Will might be somewhat of a slave now to his biology, but he clearly still had sharp teeth, and nothing pleased Hannibal more.

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